

NATURE'S SOLILOQUY.

How Nature's airy musings feed our sense,
Her simple joys the heart of all things stealing;
Each concert more than merrily feeling,
Glided in a whirr of sound, while it is lost.
The world is still, and all is calm;
And as the charm in more than language tells,
There is no e'en e'er by their name,
Death, too, in musings while he lies in state,
One thought of his own makes him dispense
His pledge of E'en to his dead disconsolate.
But, oh, how grieved their fingers yet to die,
—Thomas Gordon Hake in London Academy.

THE TWO VISITS.

It was on a cold night in November that I drew up my comfortable chair before a cheerful blaze in my simply furnished, pleasant library, and with my head resting on the pillow of the chair fell to meditating. I had just returned home after paying two short visits to dear old friends of my happy days, who for ten years had been scattered over their own homes. I was trying, as I sat there, to answer the question why it was that I had enjoyed my visit so much more at Mrs. Van Dyke's than I did at Dr. Miles' home. Both ladies were bright, cordial, entertaining, intelligent and exceedingly hospitable, and I had looked forward two years to the pleasure of visiting them in their homes.

The visitors living in inland cities:

200 miles from the sea, were of them, had married women, who were earning good incomes, and both had the entree to the best society.

The homes of these friends were only comfortable but exceedingly full and pleasant. In the children's rooms were bright, handsome merry, with plastic hands ready to be molded by their parents.

Yet with all this similarity in the composition of both families, in the income they received, in the homes they had built—in the estimation of the parents, and in their social relations the atmosphere of these two homes was very different, and a visit in the one was a great contrast to the other.

I recalled many incidents of the two visits, and found that, and more strongly than ever before, the mother makes the home. Her taste, her methods, her ideas, her example, her influence, her spirit are all impressed upon the household and create its atmosphere.

At Mrs. Van Dyke's not only all the household machinery so well cared that its running was noiseless, but there was no friction whatever in the family. The household arose together, in the old fashioned way, and the children were ready for school, dressed, meal was announced, and their appearance appropriately dressed, and each with happy faces bidding their parents, each other, and the guests a pleasant good

morning, and when he had tossed up his bureau drawers his mother, without a word, came and regulated them, and concluded one day that he was somewhat better able to do all this than his mother, and from that time on he made no trouble in such ways. And of course Mr. Van Dyke has been a great help to me in the training of our children.

One of the pleasantest memories of the visit was then recalled, that of the children's hour, which Longfellow has immortalized in that sweet poem, beginning:

Between the dark and the daylight,

When the night is beginning to lower,

comes a pause in the day's occupations;

What is known as the children's hour.

How beautiful it was to see that mother gather her little flock about her and tell them a good story, or read to them a chapter of "Little Women," and talk with them about their lessons, and after dinner play a few merry games with them. Then when bedtime came she excused herself for half an hour and sat with her children, reading them their thoughts right and bidding them happy good nights. That, she said, was one of her precious half hours which was seldom interfered with.

It could not contrast with all the other hours of the day.

Mrs. Barstow, too, was a

and more witty than Mrs.

she had no repose of manner,

in keeping things in order,

control over her children and

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